

Durham Technical
Community College
Volume 4 Number 1



*The
Final Draft*

Spring 1994



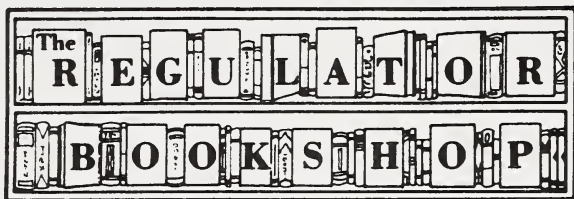
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The Final Draft

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is the literary magazine of
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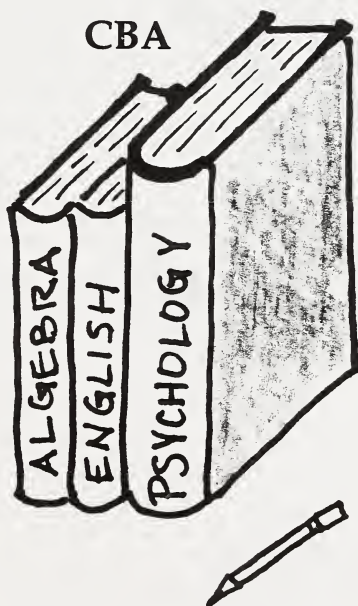
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Thank you to . . .

The DTCC faculty, for encouraging submissions
Rebecca Maupin, student advisor
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Dotte Williams, computer consultant
DTCC Student Senate

And a very special thanks to:

All those who submitted material for this issue of
The Final Draft. All of the submissions were excellent,
which made it hard for the Literary Club to make the
necessary, final choices. Please continue to submit your
material for future issues.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Amanda E. Novak". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first letters of the first and last names being capitalized and prominent.

Amanda

The Literary Club

Amanda E. Novak, Editor-in-Chief
Mari Perkins, Staff and Consulting Artist
Frances Kerr, Faculty Advisor
Barbara Wolf Pearce, Faculty Advisor



People Come and Go

People come and go
So do the feelings, you once had.
People come into your life without knocking on the door.
One day my mail arrived, my grandma had expired.
I didn't get to tell her how much I loved her.

People come and go
So do the morals, you once had.
They offer you social responsibilities like Janet Reno says,
You live in a perfect castle, protected by your bishops,
who named everyday morality.
You repress your thoughts, so you can receive
guilt-free treatments from your ideal self.

People come and go
So do the feelings, you once had.
One day, you find yourself in a dog house,
afraid of unleashing your fantasies.
Your dad says, "Be like Michael."
Next day, Freud tells you that you are in denial.
"You've gotta do what you've gotta do!"
a shoe commercial says, but you don't know what to do.
You explain to yourself that people come and go,
So you can feel sorry for yourself.
Then you wonder if it is a cliché or an excuse for
not doing anything for your unfulfilled inner child.

People come and go
So do the feelings, you once had.
"You are born with evil thoughts," God says.
It perplexes you because you don't believe in God.
Your shrink says, "You are genetically predisposed to
develop low self-esteem."
Now you are allegedly safe to be a wimp.

If you are honest with yourself, you will no longer
have sleepless nights.
Restless heart is who you really are, waiting
to be dazzled.
Of course people come and go,
but what makes life different is that
you don't seem to care about what you want today.

Yoshi Taguchi

Winter

It is the start of a season, north of the tropic of Cancer, south of the tropic of Capricorn. It is the season known to all as winter, dreaded by many who helplessly await its inevitable cloak, eagerly awaited by those to whom it symbolizes a time of giving, receiving, and celebration. Winter is a season like no other, synonymous with a myriad of human emotions: happiness, sadness, fear and loneliness. It can be characterized by varying levels of cold temperatures, long nights, and short days. The cold, if you are exposed to the elements, envelopes you, threatening to engulf the very core of your existence. The teeth chatter like a relentless drummer at work. The spine shudders irregularly, involuntarily, as if it were plugged into an electrical socket. The swirling wind screams at you. Rain follows, biting, attacking your face like sharp hailstones. Then suddenly, BOOM! The door closes. Silence. Warmth. You are home.

John Waruhiu



A Family Lesson

I wish Grandma were here now; I would tell her she was right. How she would love to hear those words from my lips. Grandma spent most of my adolescent years lecturing and enlightening me on everything from politics to religion to priorities. I spent most of my adolescent years either arguing with her or silently enduring these seminars, wishing I were someplace else. To others who didn't know her, Grandma may have appeared aging and a little weak. From her soft, gray hair that fell in waves around her proud, high cheekbones to her stooped walk as every agonizing step seemed to drain her energy, Grandma was indeed inside a failing body. But that was the extent of her weakness. Grandma possessed an inner fire that burned with the passion of an artist. Indeed, she looked the part of an artist with her chic clothes and unique jewelry that had been handmade by artist friends. A drama teacher by profession, Grandma was a fanatic about my speaking correctly and enunciating each word clearly as if I had to be heard at the back of the auditorium. If I used a word incorrectly, she would interrupt to correct me and make me repeat the correct usage before I could continue. While I realized even at that time that Grandma was merely trying to teach me right from wrong, it has been only since the birth of my own daughter that I have come to full understanding of what Grandma ultimately yearned to teach me. With her constant lecturing and repetitive coaching, she was preparing her offspring to be well-equipped to raise a family of her own. And it brings back a vivid memory of the two of us setting the table for dinner and Grandma instructing me to get out the good dishes. "Just for family?" I asked. She replied, "*Especially* for family because family is the most precious thing you'll ever have."

Deanna L. Gordon

Distance: A Point of View

Sunswept terracotta spreads flat and wide.
Late afternoon shadows cut deeply.
A vaulting sky, brushed with enormous thunderclouds,
flees before stratospheric winds and fading light.
Not one tree breaks the horizon.
Only sharp right angles of clay, adobe ruins, shadows of
forgotten ancestors caught up in slanting rays from the
west, rising up in silence out of the earth.

Can anyone hear the silent, absent voices?
Did anyone, in those last days, did the men and women
of Chaco Canyon Pueblo, the Anasazi people, stand here
knowing that wood-gathering had ended their way of
life? Stand here
wondering where they would go to find water to grow
squash and melons, now that lost watershed meant that
the kivas, the circles of the canyons, the theatres of
ceremony would be silent forever. Kivas tell no secrets,
but the pine poles do, jutting up as ladders, sticking out
as beams, polished smooth by hands and time and only
time remains. Dead pines testify to lost forests cut for
building and firewood, light for rituals of legend. No
one knew that trees in the high desert meant water,
possibility of life.
Did anyone stand here
knowing that they would have to eat scorpions?

I watch two cultures, one gone and one fading, theirs
and ours, and I see that they learned too late if at all,
while we already know but would rather go to war than
change our ways. Jet fuel is more important.
Our way of life: more important than life.
We are willing to kill yet another culture,
willing to die for power.

In the end, it doesn't matter whether the root cause is
ignorance or supremacy.

I cannot help but think about who it will be who will
stand here next
listening to the silent voices in the high desert.
Listening to the silent voices in the Fertile Crescent.
An old civilization fills the chilly evening
while clay dust folds around each new footstep.

Annie McCombs



New Year's Eve, 1962

**Through the twinkling of unsuspecting eyes
the pain
with which this being emerged,
the seed planted,
absorbed intravenously as life
giving birth to the fears,
the boundless imagination born,
out of carelessness and
one night of sin--
You ended and she began.**

**Haunting images
of a childhood storybook
meant to inform, instruct,
reassure,
cultivating unanswerable questions,
multiplying
the perpetual anxieties of visual discrepancies.
The resplendent institution of love,
no solace
in being the chosen one;
instead
commonality of alienation--
annihilation of identity.
Inside looking out,
willful intent as a guide.
Searching,
lost in a maze of appearances**

wandering
through guilt,
the sentence of ambiguity,
burdening,
hardening,
the already different dark eyes.

Enduring images
mark the progression of years,
enhancing
the vague discomfort--
Didn't anyone else see that damn pink elephant?
Does silence equivocate change or
offer a means of escape?
"Flat surfaces never yield their contents."
What is the diffusion rate of pain?

The dark eyes, older,
surveying
the damage:
Outside looking in, the allusive archetype
released--
the past forgiven,
the future no longer feared,
today embraced,
She ends where I begin, but

Do you think of me on my birthday?

Paula Y. Jones

war in the streets
children with guns
drugs in the school
no one at home

shootings in the suburbs
mothers raped in the park
porno on national tv
acid in the rain

don't drink the water
don't eat the meat
blood in the ocean
hole in the sky

leaders are puppets
men in suits are kings
the almighty dollar
dangles from strings

where's the revolution
the people to say no
where do we go
now that our future is gone

Screaming Silence

A disturbed heart
A soul longing to be free
Hate disguised in love

Once a nonchalant glance
Now a frosted stare
Natural majesty

Covered in icy tears
Ambiguous noises
Echo in the corridor

Of the mind
Leaving behind
Traces of shattered dreams

Screaming silence
Trapped in a chamber
Of never-ending time

Hopeless promises
Bound by uncertainty
Controlled the past

Direct the present
And predict
The promising, yet impossible future.

Amanda E. Novak

Remember When

Walking through the woods;
The beauty keeps my mind
But the depth--
She scares.

The hot fires and cold nights
Shivering; cover me.
The smell of white flowers
Dancing in the moonlight.

Breath overtakes
Winding down the old--
Overgrown road.
Needing an escape.

The cup is full.
Need a drink
Of white red wine.
Emptiness seems -- hopeful.

Cynthia Wagoner

What is the meaning of success?
When do all the words reach excess?
Paralysis by analysis.

Paula Y. Jones



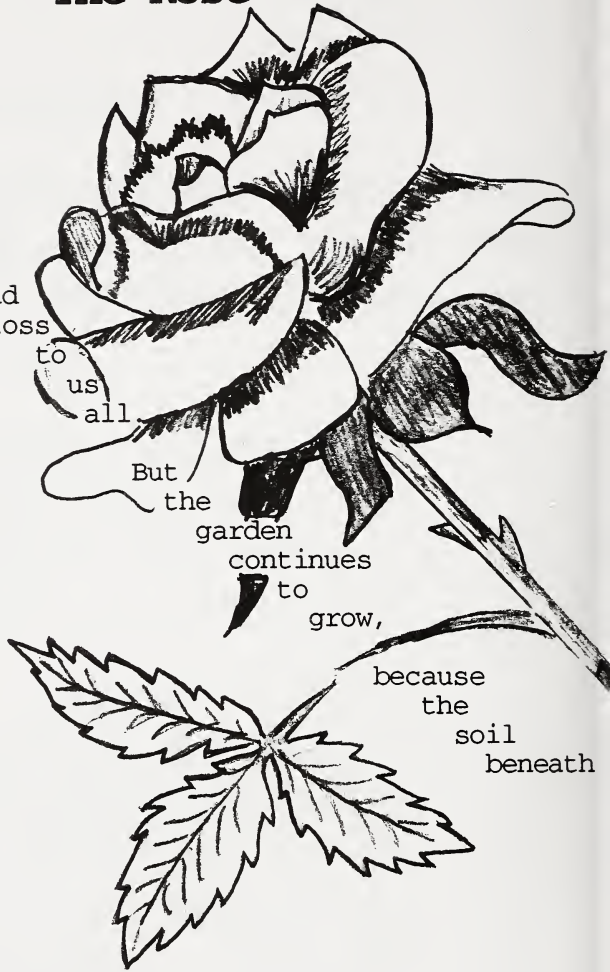
The Rose

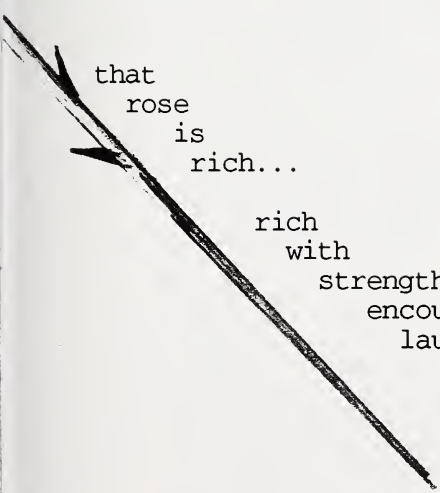
A
beautiful
rose
has
left
us,

what
a
sad
loss
to
us
all.

But
the
garden
continues
to
grow,

because
the
soil
beneath





that
rose
is
rich...

rich
with
strength,
encouragement,
laughter,
and
undying
love.

We
will
truly
miss
the
long-
stemmed,
red
rose.

Vickie Hannah

My Dog, My Dad, or My Best Friend

Surrounded with faith to the end
They help me, each in his own way.
My Dog, My Dad, or My Best Friend

The K-9's love would never bend.
Will come, will sit, sometimes obey.
Surrounded with faith to the end

Dear father follows not one trend.
But gives encouragement every day.
My Dog, My Dad, or My Best Friend

Dave helped me out when I was pinned,
Without a charge for me to pay.
Surrounded with faith to the end

They do not judge, though I have sinned.
Or reprimand my careless ways.
My Dog, My Dad, or My Best Friend

I follow urges and the wind,
But try my best to always stay
Surrounded with faith to the end
My Dog, My Dad, or My Best Friend.

Scott Lee

Memories

Memories hurt! This memory hurts. Ripping, grabbing my heart. The smell of carnations--- his dead, pale, lifeless body lying in the casket, people crying. The smell of rust--- the smell of blood, seeing the blood splattered on the walls, on the stairs, on his body. Blood splattering like a hot knife poking into a tight balloon filled with water. Feeling happy--- only to be cut short by the recurring memory that he lay dead forever. Feeling pain--- the pain I felt running to his body screaming that I was the only one who could wake him up. Not ever feeling the pain he felt before he left this world. These memories, with a word, with a smell, with a feeling, will never leave me alone. I cannot remember his smiling face, only the gash on his right cheek, inflicted by someone who did not love. The memory of this gash--- oozing blood, his blood, my brother's blood, my brother's life oozing onto the floor. I am shaking, these memories cut into my flesh, as did the knife cutting into the flesh of my brother--- twenty-three times. I am crying--- did he cry? Did he shake? Did he beg for his life? Block it out! I tell myself. Even in my sleep these memories curse my stability. I am fine, for now. These memories are pushed back into my brain--- until they decide to resurface and tease me again. I don't want to remember anymore. I do not want to have these memories.

Angela Duty

The Morton Arboretum: A Meditation *

We loved to go to the arboretum every chance we had. My boyfriend and I would often cruise down its winding roads for hours upon hours. We would also walk down the many trails, taking in the beauty and serenity of this most special sanctuary. An arboretum is a museum of woody plants by definition, but for me it was a place to escape the outside world.

It is hard for me not to associate the Morton Arboretum with my old boyfriend, Gary, for I seldom ventured there without him. Together we explored its depths, never tiring of any part of it, no matter how many times we passed the same things. I get a melancholy feeling remembering how we would get up early on our days off, driving while the sun was still low in the sky. We'd get high breathing in the crisp, clean air, numbing the intensity of happiness we felt, just being there: a place we both loved, together.

Every season held a different, special view to absorb. Spring was most beautiful, with the daffodils and tulips in full bloom. Summer brought more flowers and greenery, along with a warm glow of thankfulness for all that is alive. Autumn was quiet and unassuming, as the leaves on the trees turned wondrous shades of red, orange, and yellow. In the winter, we journeyed there most of all, for we loved the snow: to see blankets of it covering the lakes, hills, and valleys. Even more, we enjoyed being two of the few people there braving the coldest months of the year.

We took many walks during this time, sometimes sinking in the snow to our knees on seldom-trod paths. It was all the more special to feel that we were alone there then, like the place belonged to us, and us to it. We really did belong to it, heart and soul, and a part of me still does. This part remains there, to this day, drinking up all that is alive, taking in every inch within its boundaries. Feeling that there really are no boundaries, for my love for it is limitless.

Diane Young

* The Morton Arboretum, located in Lisle, Illinois, is one of the largest outdoor museums of woody plants in the midwest. Spanning about fifteen hundred acres, it boasts four thousand varieties of trees and shrubs.



BIG @ Small

She lived in a very small town
Where no one really knew you,
unless you hung around.
And she had very tiny eyes
The kind you didn't notice,
unless you realized
That they were staring at you,
trying to figure out
What it is that made you work,
and filled you up with doubt.

*And if you didn't know, you'd think she'd gone
To that line between big and small*

And she jumped from the roof of her small town house
To give the people gossip,
and things to talk about.
When they told her mother,
she didn't really care
She said, "I think I must know her,
but I really don't know from where."

*And they all said well, she must have gone
To that big and small beyond*

She was laid to rest in her own backyard
By the family minister and the city coastal guard.
And now many years have passed;
they still don't know her name
She was just the little girl that people called insane.

*But she's up there laughing down
Cause she was first to leave that big and small town.*

John Tyler

Contingent

Stretching and stretching, but
not reaching. Lacking wood in my
furnace. Are you getting knowledge
from an almanac? Is not your
passion a desire failing reason?
Can't you see the smoke? Can't
you hear my choke? Can't breathe!
Can't see! Now I wish I knew how
to be.

Sammy Slade



GOOD-BYE IS NOT FOREVER

*Good-bye is not forever
when I carry your love in my heart
and when my thoughts are filled
with memories of you.*

*I will never be able to forget
the precious moments that we've shared
or the depth of emotion
that I will allow myself to see and feel
because of you.*

*I look into the eyes of a friend
and their pain, their sadness, their fear,
swallows me up as if I were only a tiny ripple
in the midst of a raging sea.*

*My happiness is bound in yours.
When the storm clouds gather,
and sorrow fills your heart,
I am engulfed by your sadness.
Your tears pierce my soul.*

*I can offer you comforting words
and a tender embrace,
but the real pain,
the real fear,
the real sadness,
it is yours to conquer.*

*I am an outsider looking in
to a world I can never truly see
for it is your world.
I can only see and feel
a portion of your anguish.*

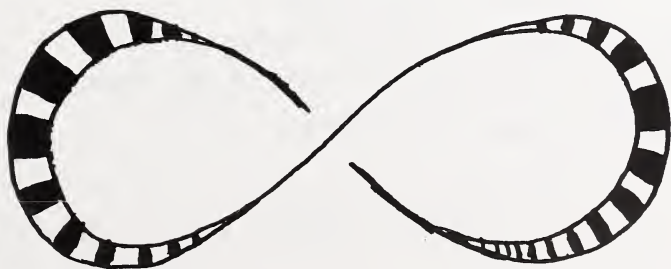
*I can offer you compassion.
I can speak words of encouragement
that I can only hope will reach you.
My gift to you is my love.*

*We will part one day,
but you can never escape from my emotions.
You have given to me enough of yourself
for you to become a part of me.
To lose you completely
would be to lose a part of myself
that I only recently discovered,
that I am not willing to do.*

*I won't burden you with my sadness,
it is mine to conquer.
Be assured that no matter the distance,
I will always be close to you.
When you need me,
I will hear your cry in my heart.
Your tears will rain upon me
flooding my soul with restlessness
until I relieve the pressure.
Then, even from a distance,
I will comfort and encourage you once more.*

*As the winds of change blow,
don't look back with sorrowful eyes.
Always look ahead with hope
and be prepared to grasp all joy,
all the happiness that a new day brings.
I will feel the joy that is ours to share
because good-bye is not forever
when I carry your love in my heart,
and when my thoughts are filled
with memories of you.*

Elizabeth Holt



Stick Figures and Barbie Dolls

Stick figures and Barbie Dolls,
Acting like the world responds to their calls.

Stick figures telling me how to react,
I wish they would go away and get off my back.

Barbie dolls always somewhere trying to be seen,
Talking too much and being mean.

They Taunt: They Tease: Doing Nothing to Please!

Baby Alive, Baby Alive, where have you been?
All over the world and still have no friends!

Baby Alive, Baby Alive, all alone,
No one wants you here, so take yourself home!

Baby Alive, Baby Alive, whatcha gonna do?
You can have my leftover and used Ken Dolls
when I'm through!



Baby Alive, Baby Alive, can't you see,
The only way to survive is to be just like me!!

I wish someone could take away all this
pressure and let ME be, without all these
unrealistic views of society.



Sherice Hayes





An Assault of the Heart



**Alone in the dark
No feelings of pain
Nor any reaction at all
Wondering if it was all insane**



**Heart and soul
Stolen in one breath
Lightning struck
So close to death**



**Mesmerized and captured
Never to be set free
Spinning in circles
Nothing ever what it seems**

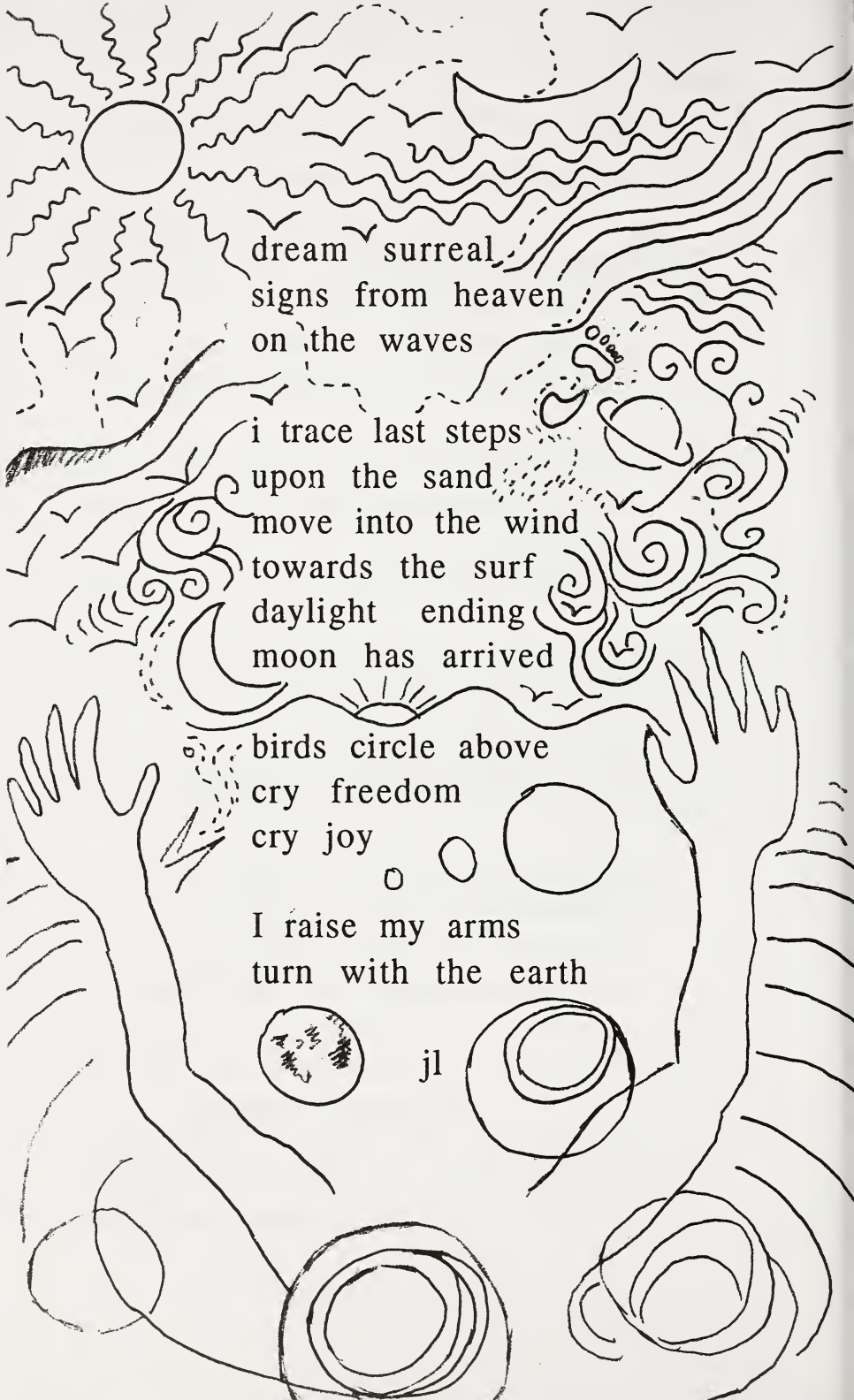


**Smiles and tears just disappear
Everything comes apart
Emotional virginity lost
During an assault of the heart**



Amanda E. Novak





dream surreal
signs from heaven
on the waves

i trace last steps
upon the sand
move into the wind
towards the surf
daylight ending
moon has arrived

birds circle above
cry freedom
cry joy

I raise my arms
turn with the earth

Time to Say Good-Bye

Time to say good-bye
to all of my friends.
Gone forever

Time to say good-bye
to all the good times
I had with my friends,
Gone forever

Time to say good-bye
to the memories I
had of them.
Gone forever

It's not time to say good-bye
to life, for that is not
Gone forever.

Caryl Denise Ferguson

Student

Committee

The Student Committee for Social Justice is a non-profit organization established for the purpose of educating, promoting, and fostering social justice issues and concerns in an educational setting for the students and faculty of Durham Tech.

- *Bigotry*
 - *Aids Crisis*
 - *Gender Issues*
 - *Diversity*
 - *Homelessness*

Who says you can't

During general registration for the fall quarter, look for signs about an organizational meeting.

for

Social

Justice

Membership is restricted to Durham Tech students, full or part-time, and is open to all students regardless of race, sex, creed, national origin, color, age, sexual orientation, handicap, or veteran status.

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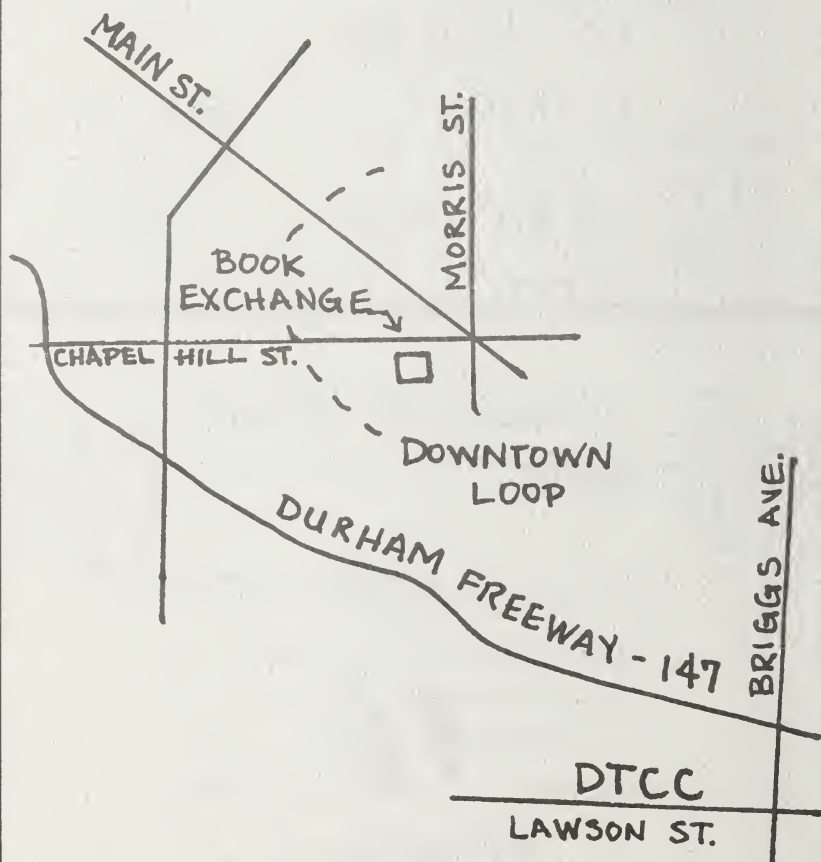
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